

Craig E. Nelson

Vis a Visa

Listen well and I'll tell you a tale ... a tale both sad and true.
Its about an old traveler, who lives far away ... and whose days are both mad and blue.

You see it turns out, that when just a young clout, he left for the trip of his life.
He had scrimped and saved, how he'd ranted and raved, for travel he was rife.

To the last detail, he had planned without fail, his organization was a thing to behold.
His shots he'd all got (he was free from dry rot) so off to the airport he rolled.

His family were all there, so with a lot of fanfare, they sent him off in style.
But ... what none of them knew, was the mistake that he'd rue, had already been made by a mile.

So what was the thing, that such trouble could bring? Why he had forgotten his visa, of course.
Yes ... my friends, we will all meet our ends ... but its bad when it comes from this source!

Now ... back to our story ... no matter how gory ... I hope that you'll stay 'till the end.
The plane took off and soon was aloft ... ecstatic was our traveling friend.

But ... as you've guessed by now, his bliss ended (and how!), when he arrived at his destination.
"You'll be on the next plane, whether sick or insane," said the officer of immigration.

Now in case you don't know, this is called NFO ... and it means "The Next Flight Out."
And ... if it happens to you ... well ... there is nothing to do ... especially don't yell scream of shout.

So humbled and beat, our friend took his seat, bound for he knew not where.
And ... when he had landed, his papers he handed, to an officer who looked to be fair.

"Three days you have got, or otherwise shot", to get yourself out of this place.
Seventy-two hours or a bed beneath flowers ... put our friend and his fate in a race.

To immigration he went ... to rage he gave vent ... but finally, it was all in vain.
No visa got he ... in spite of his plea ... instead only heartache and pain.

On board the next plane, now partly insane, our friend asked the steward this question:
Is there no way ... back to 'ole USA? I look forward to any suggestion.

The steward knew not ... so the captain he sought ... to ask the very same thing.
The captain was stumped ... in his seat our friend slumped. Sad tears his eyes did sting.

Now ... a question of survival ... immediately upon arrival ... to the embassy went our friend.
His face was so pale, as he told them his tale ... that surely their hearts would rend.

Yet ... when he was done, there was nary a one, who would write him a recommendation.
“Since your full grown, you are on your own”, said the consulate of his nation.

Out came a moan, then followed a moan ... surely, this was to much.
It was all so clear ... that a crocodile tear, his cheek and lips did touch.

He was doomed forever, no matter how clever, the earth and skies to roam.
He was torn for life from child and wife, the pleasures of hearth and home.

Instead ... to be friendless ... on a trip that is endless turned out to be his life work.
and ... while he travels ... his fate still unravels ... driving him slowly berserk.

So listen and learn ... don't let yourself burn ... on this kind of self-made cross.
When planning a trip ... whatever you skip ... don't let your visa suffer loss.

Remember our friend ... and his terrible end, when you are thinking to put off this labor.
Instead ... get it early ... or trouble will surely ... become your nearest neighbor.

Now ... alerted and forearmed ... but not otherwise harmed ... don't forget this valuable warning.
You see ... tonight I must go ... to a place I don't know ... or immigration will jail me by morning!